

# LIGHTER MOMENTS

with  
fresh *Dated*  
Eveready  
Batteries

For a time, you had to  
take whatever flashlight  
batteries you could get!

But that time has passed.  
"Eveready" Flashlight  
Batteries are back. Ask for  
them at your dealer's.

That's good news indeed.  
Flashlight batteries may  
look alike on the outside,  
but that similarity is only  
skin-deep. There are im-  
portant differences inside  
every "Eveready" Battery  
— differences that mean  
longer life!

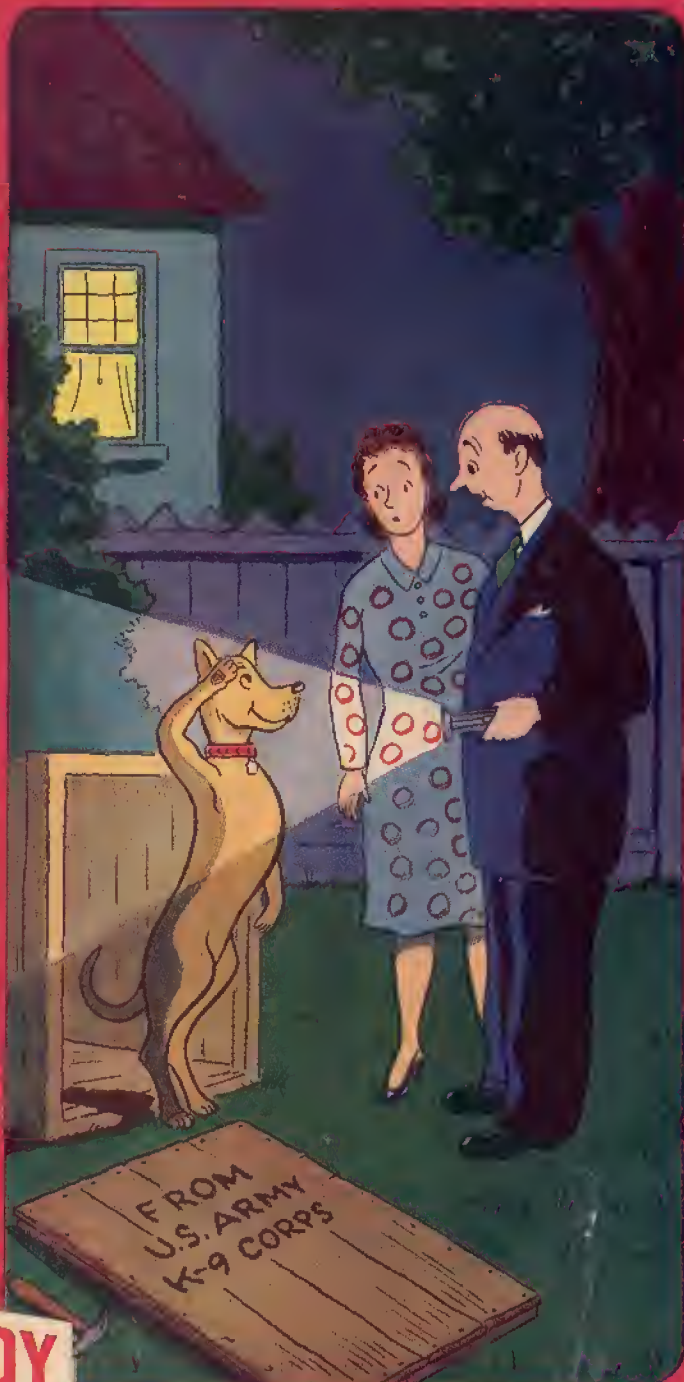
Fresh  
DATED BATTERIES  
Last Longer

Look for the date line



# EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK



"I'm afraid he isn't quite reconverted yet!"

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade mark  
of National Carbon Company





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





POISON IVY



BIG TOP



SWING SISSON



MICKEY FINN



SPIN SHAW

# FEATURE

COMICS

SM  
★  
6



JUNE No.99



BLIMPY



PERKY



RUSTY RYAN



LALA PALOOZA

*The*  
**DOLL MAN**  
is on  
THE WARPATH  
AGAIN!

10¢





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10¢



# HOW A 97-LB. WEAKLING

Became the **WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN**

The inspiring story of  
**CHARLES ATLAS**

CHARLES, YOU POOR BOY! YOU STAY SO THIN—AND ALWAYS TIRED!



RUN ALONG KID! WE NEED A HUSKY HE-MAN FOR THIS JOB!



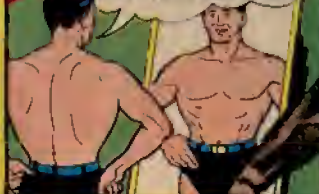
I'M GOING TO FIND SOME WAY TO GET A BUILD LIKE THAT!



SO CHARLES ATLAS SPENT MONTH AFTER MONTH SEARCHING FOR A WAY TO DEVELOP HIS BODY. AND FINALLY HE DISCOVERED HIS AMAZING METHOD—**DYNAMIC TENSION!**



LATER BOY! DYNAMIC TENSION SURE GAVE ME A REAL BUILD FAST! I'M A NEW MAN!



CHARLES ATLAS WINS THE TITLE. THIS CONTEST WAS FOR AMERICA'S "MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN"



## I Can Make You A New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes A Day!

If you're the way I USED to be—if you are skinny and feel only half-alive—if the better jobs pass you by—if you're in the service, but are being "pushed around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—and if you want a HE-MAN's body—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a build you'll be PROUD of! "Dynamic Tension" will do it for you, too! That's how I changed my own build into such perfect proportions that famous sculptors and artists have paid me to pose for them. My body won me the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I can give you solid, beautiful, USEFUL muscle wherever YOU want it!

**"DYNAMIC TENSION" Does It!**

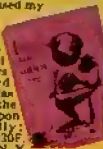
In only 15 minutes a day, "Dynamic Tension" can bulge up your chest, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a

New Man! In fact, I GUARANTEE you'll start seeing results in the first 7 days!

I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You simply utilize the **INBORN FLEXIBILITY**—muscle-power in your own God-given body—almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY. And it's so easy; my secret, "Dynamic Tension," does the trick!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows in every branch of the service as well as civilians have used my "Dynamic Tension" to change themselves into real HE-MEN! Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book—*free*. Tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Attention Champions. And I can do the same for YOU. Mail the coupon below. Address me personally: **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330F, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**



—original photo of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330F, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a new man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name..... (Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. (If any)..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps Regularly.



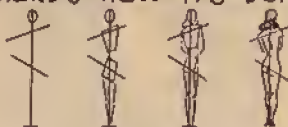


# It's Fun to Draw

A COMPLETE SELF-INSTRUCTION COURSE AND REFERENCE BOOK  
with over 1000 "How-to-do-it" SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS

9 Sections—a \$9 Value All for only \$1.00

HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE!



Anyone who has learned to write, can learn to draw! This helpful book removes the mysticism that has surrounded art. By reducing the elements of drawing to its simple steps, it teaches THE BEGINNER to draw, and then to advance into more and more difficult subjects.

As you can see from the above illustrations showing the 9 sections—this complete course covers 9 BRANCHES of practical Art. Each division is explained by a specialist. No previous knowledge on your part is expected. Within a few days you will be drawing with an ease and enjoyment you never thought possible. For the experienced and professional artist, it is a REFERENCE BOOK and veritable mine of information.

This book guides you from the first stroke on paper to selling the finished art work. Includes specific instruction, advice, tricks, time-savers, special effects, on: Still Life, Animals, Anatomy, Human Figure, Faces and Portraits, Lettering, Layouts, Cartoons, Animated Cartooning, advertising and Commercial Art, Illustrations for Newspapers, Magazines, Books, Designing Book Jackets, The Use of Color, etc. Teaches you by sketches, diagrams and instructions, how to draw—hands, feet, heads, bodies, ears, noses, mouths, eyes—in different positions, of different sexes and ages, and with different perspective. Shows you how to attain and indicate: action, proportion, balance, composition, shading, rhythm, symmetry; and how to express—laughter, anger, terror, grief, surprise and other emotions. Also, how to draw caricatures, cartoons and comic drawings. Also how to letter, with 87 complete Alphabets shown. Includes a glossary of Art Terms, Supplies, Types of Work, Mediums, etc. Completely and profusely illustrated with over ONE THOUSAND Instructive and Example, Drawings, Sketches and Pictures.

Ordinarily a course of this scope costs much more money, but to make it available to everyone seeking a practical knowledge and enjoyment of Art, we have disregarded costs, and precedents, and have established the special low price of ONLY \$1.00 FOR THE COMPLETE COURSE, NOTHING ELSE TO PAY!! It is—undoubtedly, the greatest bargain in the art world today!

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I may receive book and get my money back.

☐ I prefer \$1.00 in full payment, send payment.

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ONLY \$1

FOR THE COMPLETE COURSE! NOTHING ELSE TO PAY

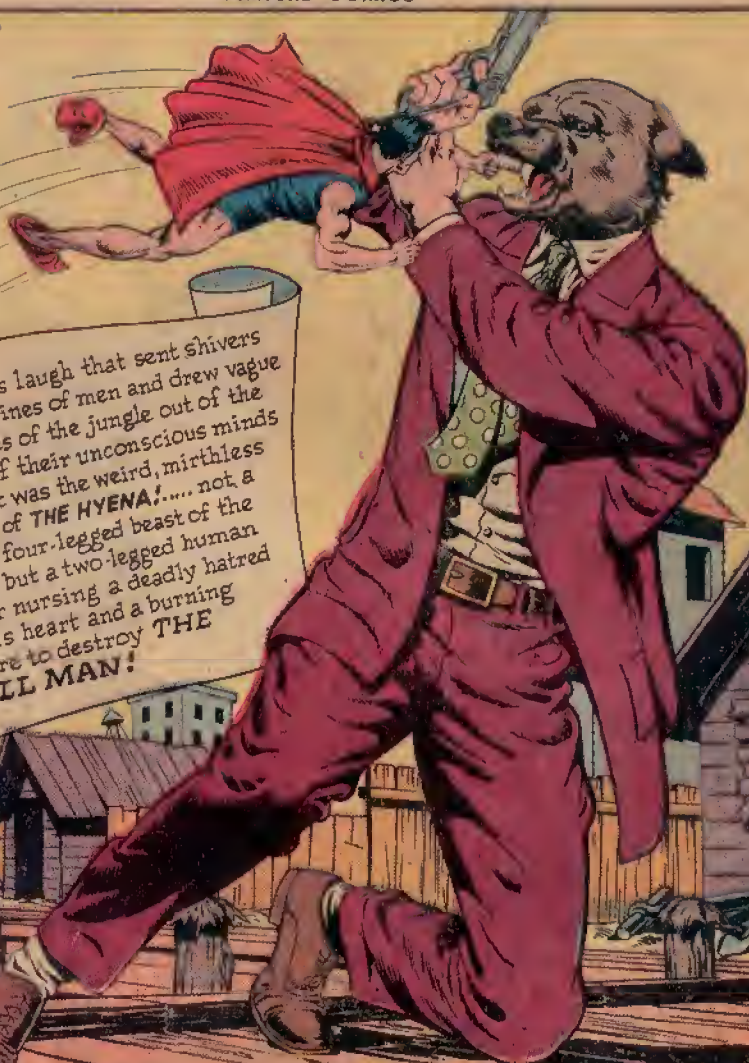
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**It's Fun to Draw**  
COMPLETE BOOK OF ART INSTRUCTION AND REFERENCE  
edited by ALAN S. ENDER

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paths of fun and artistic ability for you—return it, and it won't cost you a single penny. If you decide to keep it, the FULL PRICE is only \$1.00.



A hideous laugh that sent shivers up the spines of men and drew vague memories of the jungle out of the depths of their unconscious minds ..... that was the weird, mirthless guffaw of **THE HYENA!** ..... not a furry, four-legged beast of the bush, but a two-legged human killer nursing a deadly hatred in his heart and a burning desire to destroy **THE DOLL MAN!**

THE

# DOLL MAN



The hide-out of "Ice" Greeg ...

A BIG HAUL  
EVEN FOR  
"ICE" GREEG!

YEAH, BOSS ... AND JUST  
THINK ... THE DOLL MAN  
WAS AFTER US AND WE  
GOT AWAY WITH IT  
JUST THE SAME!



DON'T MENTION THAT GUY'S  
NAME! IT GIVES ME  
THE CREEPS!



And on the light globe over-  
head .... The DOLL MAN!

I'LL GIVE HIM  
MORE THAN THE  
CREEPS AS SOON  
AS I HEAR  
MORE!



LET'S SEE ..... NINE  
OF THOSE RUBIES  
AT ABOUT ELEVEN  
GRAND APIECE!...

GEE, BOSS, I'LL  
BET THAT'S A  
LOTTA DOUGH!



HAW! HAW!  
GET A LOAD OF  
DOCKER LOOKIN'  
OVER THE BOSS'S  
SHOULDER JUST  
LIKE HE COULD  
READ THEM  
FIGURES!



HAW!  
HAW!

HEY, DOCKER ..... MAYBE YOU'RE  
NOT TOO OLD TO GO TO NIGHT  
SCHOOL OR SOMETHIN'! DON'T  
YOU KNOW YOU'LL NEVER GET  
ANYPLACE WITHOUT  
LEARNIN' TO  
READ?



LAY OFF ME, YOU GUYS! MAYBE  
I CAN'T READ BUT I'M HANDIER  
WITH A ROD OR MY FISTS THAN  
THE REST OF YOU!

WHAT  
DID YOU SAY,  
DOCKER?









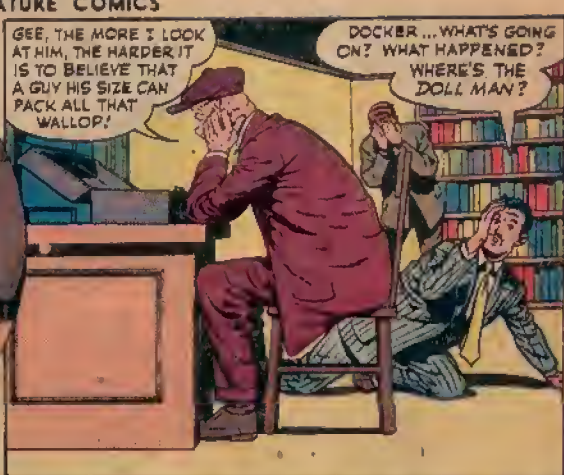




THERE! HE'LL KEEP IN THIS TIN BOX UNTIL "ICE" FIGURES OUT WHAT WE OUGHTTA DO WITH HIM!



GEE, THE MORE I LOOK AT HIM, THE HARDER IT IS TO BELIEVE THAT A GUY HIS SIZE CAN PACK ALL THAT WALLOP!



DOCKER...WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S THE DOLL MAN?

RIGHT IN YOUR TIN BOX, BOSS!

HOLY CATS! DOCKER GOT HIM!



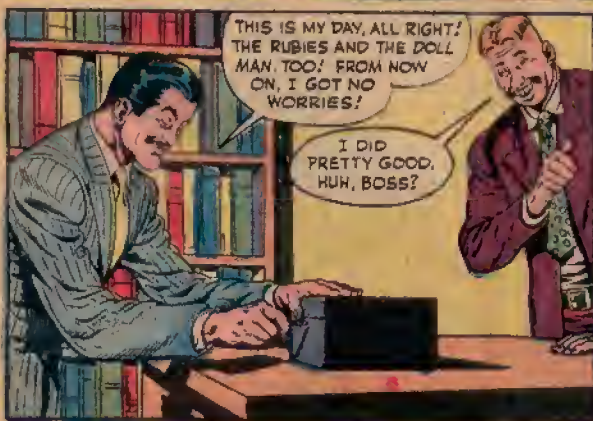
HEY, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! IF HE SUDDENLY COMES TO, WE'RE SUNK!

AW, I KICKED HIS HEAD HARD ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM QUIET FOR AN HOUR!



THIS IS MY DAY, ALL RIGHT! THE RUBIES AND THE DOLL MAN, TOO! FROM NOW ON, I GOT NO WORRIES!

I DID PRETTY GOOD, HUH, BOSS?



SHADDUP, STUPID! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S GOOD AND WHAT ISN'T!

I DUNNO! I THOUGHT I RATED SOMETHIN' FOR GETTIN' THE DOLL MAN!





HAW! HAW! DOCKER  
FIGURES HE RATES  
A MEDAL!

THE  
DOLL MAN  
PROBABLY  
JUST FELL  
ON HIS HEAD  
BY ACCIDENT!



Inside the tin box...

OOH! IF ONLY  
DOCKER HAD WORN  
RUBBER HEELS!



SEEMS I'M IN A TIN BOX!  
I WONDER WHAT MY CHANCES  
ARE OF GETTING OUT!



MAKE 'EM  
LAY OFF ME,  
BOSS!

YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR  
IT, SUCKER....  
SHOOTIN' YOUR  
MOUTH OFF  
ALL THE  
TIME!



IF I CAN GET THEM INTO A  
BRAWL, I MAY STAND SOME  
SORT OF CHANCE!

HE ISN'T HALF THE  
SUCKER YOU ARE,  
GREEG! HE DOESN'T  
PLAN THE KIND OF  
JOBS YOU COOK UP  
TO GET YOURSELF  
TEN YEARS!



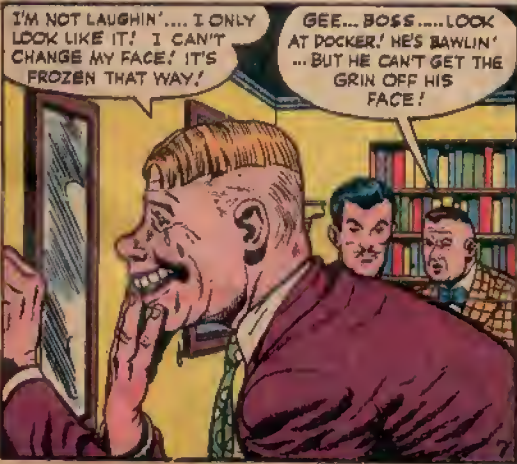
HE'S UP! WE GOTTA  
GET RID OF HIM FAST!  
IT'S DANGEROUS KEEPIN'  
HIM AROUND--EVEN  
IN A BOX!

HAW! HAW! DOLL MAN'S  
TALKIN' ABOUT THAT DIAMOND  
JOB YOU PULLED BY YOUR-  
SELF... THE ONE THAT LANDED  
YOU IN THE CAN! THAT DOLL  
MAN'S GOT A SENSE OF  
HUMOR, ALL RIGHT!



THINK THAT'S  
FUNNY DO YOU, YOU  
BIG GORILLA?  
I'LL SHOW  
YOU!









HAW! HAW! THAT'S GOOD, BOSS! SUITS HIM TO A T! THAT'S WHAT WE'LL CALL HIM FROM NOW ON... **THE HYENA!**



I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY FOR THE POOR GUY! THAT BLOW WITH THE GUN MUST HAVE PARALYZED A FACIAL NERVE AND FROZEN THE GRIN ON HIS FACE PERMANENTLY!



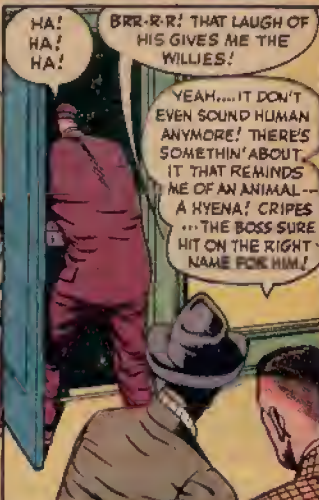
ALL RIGHT, HYENA.... YOU'LL GET ONE MORE CHANCE TO WORK FOR ME! ... BUT IF YOU EVER TALK BACK TO ME AGAIN, I'LL BLOW THAT GRIN OFF YOUR FACE WITH LEAD! NOW, TAKE THAT BOX OUT!

SURE... BOSS! WHAT'LL I DO WITH IT?



DUMP IT IN THE RIVER! THAT'LL BE THE END OF THE DOLL MAN!

RIGHT, BOSS! HA! HA! HA!



HA! HA! HA!

BRR-R-R! THAT LAUGH OF HIS GIVES ME THE WILLIES!

YEAH.... IT DON'T EVEN SOUND HUMAN ANYMORE! THERE'S SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT THAT REMINDS ME OF AN ANIMAL... A HYENA! CRIPES... THE BOSS SURE HIT ON THE RIGHT NAME FOR HIM!



HA! HA! THEY THINK I'M FUNNY! WAIT'LL THEY SEE HOW FUNNY I AM! I'LL FIX GREEG AND THOSE TWO RATS!



I'M LETTIN' YOU OUT, DOLL MAN! YOU CAN GO BACK AND TAKE GREEG AND HIS STOOGES APART!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, DOCKER... AS SOON AS I'VE DROPPED YOU OFF AT THE NEAREST POLICE STATION!

HAW! HAW! NO YOU DON'T, DOLL MAN! THAT'S NOT THE WAY I HAD IT FIGURED!



YOU'VE BEEN SLAPPED AROUND ENOUGH FOR ONE NIGHT... BUT YOU DON'T LEAVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE!

WHY, YUH LITTLE WORM! ...THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR TRYIN' TO GIVE YOU A BREAK!



YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE! NOW, I'LL TAKE CARE OF GREGG MYSELF!



HAW! HAW! THIS RAT HOLE MAKES IT EASY FOR ME TO DROP THE DOLL MAN INTO THE RIVER WITHOUT BEING SEEN!



NOW I'M GONNA TAKE CARE OF GREGG AND HIS RATS!

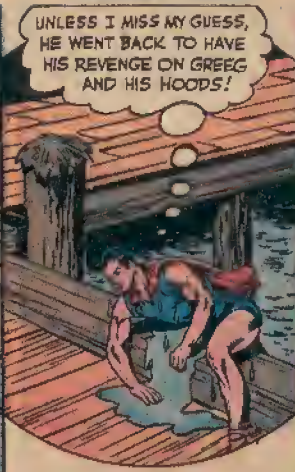




DOCKER DID THE  
WRONG THING! THIS  
COLD WATER  
REVIVED ME!



UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS,  
HE WENT BACK TO HAVE  
HIS REVENGE ON GREGG  
AND HIS HOODS!



Meanwhile...

THERE'S YOUR CUT,  
BOYS! GUESS WE  
CAN TALK THE  
HYENA OUT OF  
HIS SHARE WHEN  
HE GETS BACK!



I'M BACK RIGHT NOW,  
BOSS ... ONLY YOU WON'T  
DO MUCH TALKING!

THE  
HYENA!



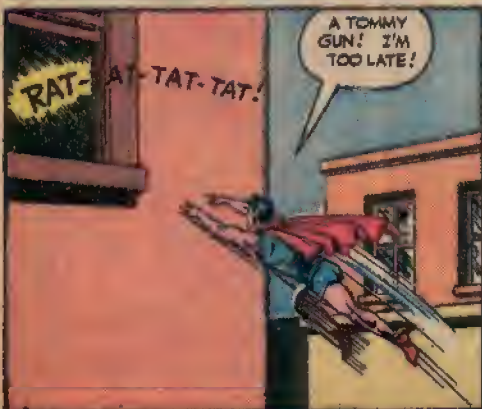
AGH-H!

AND I'M ALWAYS  
GOOD FOR A  
LAUGH!  
HA! HA! HA!



RAT-TAT-TAT!

A TOMMY  
GUN! I'M  
TOO LATE!



I'LL TAKE THE BACK  
WAY OUT! SOMEBODY  
MIGHT HAVE HEARD  
THE SHOTS!





HE  
FINISHED  
THEM!

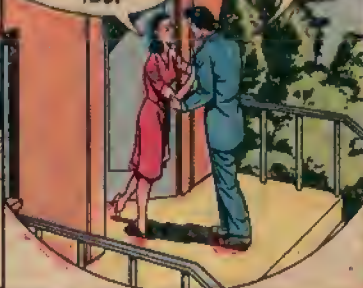


NO SENSE LOOKING FOR HIM NOW! HE'LL  
LIE VERY LOW UNTIL HE FIGURES I'VE  
GIVEN UP THE HUNT! I MAY AS WELL  
KEEP MY DINNER DATE WITH MARTHA  
AND DR. ROBERTS!

By an exertion of will,  
the DOLL MAN expands the  
molecules of his body to  
become Darrel Dane ....



DARREL, I THOUGHT  
YOU'D NEVER GET HERE!  
WE'RE HAVING DINNER AT  
DR. BANDERS' AND  
FATHER ALMOST  
TALKED ME INTO  
LEAVING WITHOUT  
YOU!



DR. BANDERS  
... THE NEURO-  
SURGEON? THAT'S  
A COINCIDENCE!



COINCIDENCE?  
WHY?

UH... OH,  
NOTHING!

NOTHING, REALLY!

...HELLO, DR. ROBERTS!  
SORRY TO KEEP YOU  
WAITING!

LE 'S GO,  
DARREL!  
WE'RE  
LATE!

DR. BANDERS, IS  
IT POSSIBLE TO  
RESTORE A FACIAL  
NERVE THAT'S  
BEEN DESTROYED  
BY A BLOW?



WELL ... IT  
DEPENDS, DARREL!  
WHAT MAKES  
YOU ASK?

WELL....  
I.....



BEG PARDON, SIR...  
BUT THERE'S A MAN  
IN YOUR OFFICE WHO  
WON'T GO AWAY! HE  
SAYS HE'S GOT TO  
SEE YOU NOW!

I'LL SEE  
WHAT HE WANTS!  
EXCUSE  
ME!





BUT I CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR YOU NOW! YOU'LL NEED OBSERVATION TESTS .... I CAN'T JUST OPERATE!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT, SAWBONES! I GOT NO TIME TO WAIT!

I GOTTA GET OUT OF TOWN AND I CAN'T DO IT LOOKING LIKE THIS! PEOPLE KEEP GAPIN' AT ME! UNDERSTAND?

BUT....!



HERE'S YOUR CARVIN' KNIFE! NOW .... GO AHEAD!

SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS IS A MATTER FOR THE POLICE!

ONE MORE CRACK ABOUT POLICE ... AND I'LL PLUG YUH!

THAT VOICE! IT'S THE HYENA!

DR. BANDERS SEEMS TO BE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THAT PATIENT!

EXCUSE ME! I ALMOST FORGOT! .... I HAVE TO MAKE AN IMPORTANT PHONE CALL!



On the run, Darrel Dane again becomes the DOLL MAN!...

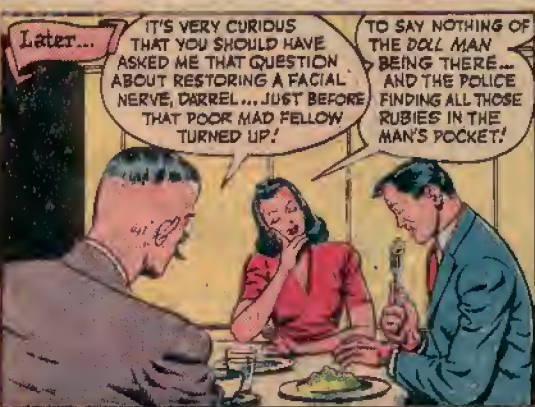
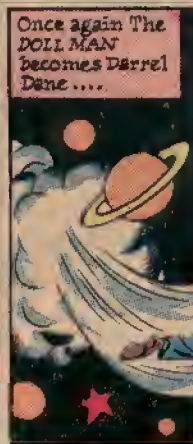
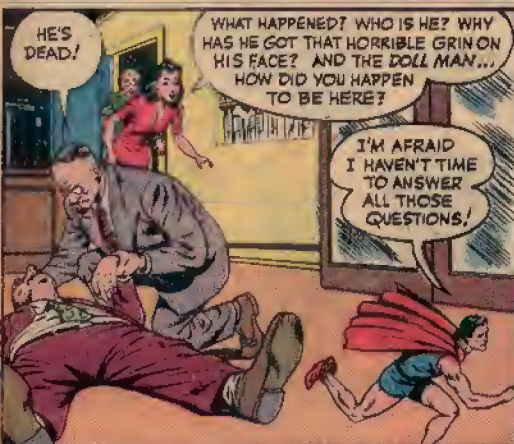


DON'T YOU THINK THE OPERATION'LL BE DANGEROUS IF YOU MAKE DR. BANDERS NERVOUS, DOCKER?

SO YOU DIDN'T DROWN, DOLL MAN? HAW! HAW! MAYBE YOUR NUMBER'S JUST ON A SLUG AND YOU CAN'T DIE ANY OTHER WAY!

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF ALL THIS?



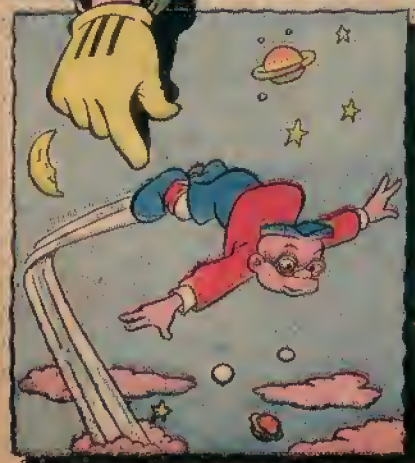


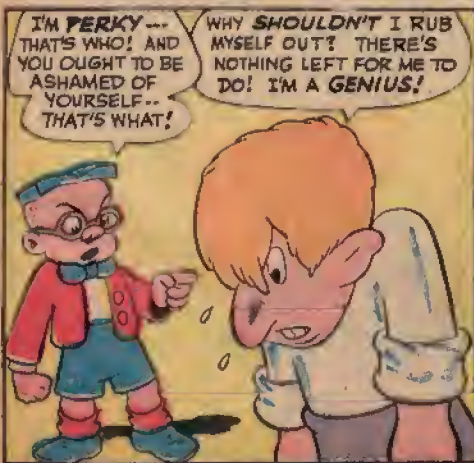
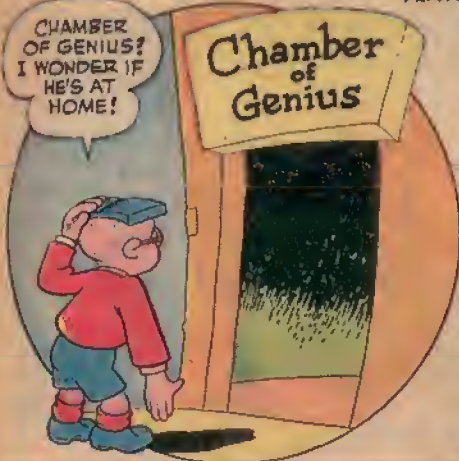


# PERKY

SEE HIM FOR YOURSELF, FOLKS...THE ONE AND ONLY WONDER BOY! SOME SAY THAT WHEN HE VOLUNTEERED AT THE VAUDEVILLE SHOW TO STEP INTO THE AMATEUR MAGICIAN'S VANISHING BOX, HE REALLY **VANISHED!** BUT **WE** KNOW

THAT EVERY TIME THAT MAGICIAN PULLS THE LEVER ON THE BOX, PERKY GOES OFF TO WORLDS THAT LIE BEYOND!







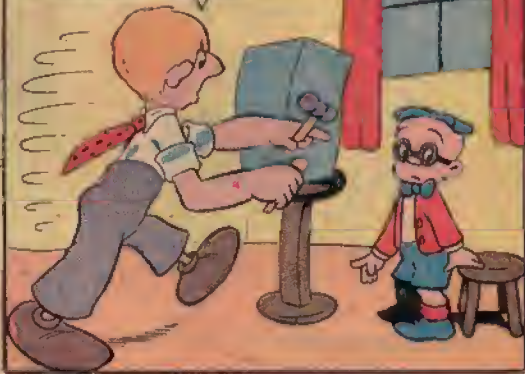
BUT WHAT'S THE USE?  
EVERYTHING I DO IS  
TOO EASY!

EVER TRY DOING  
SCULPTURE? THIS  
SEEMS HARD  
ENOUGH!



KNOCK!  
KNOCK!

SCULPTURE? CHILD'S PLAY!  
SIT DOWN AND I'LL SHOW  
YOU WHAT I MEAN!



MICHELANGELO'S  
GOT NOTHING  
ON ME!

KNOCK! POW!  
BAM!  
BOP!



IT'S SO COLOSSAL,  
SO STUPENDOUS,  
SO MAGNIFICENT!  
SO WHAT?

SO YOU SURE  
KNOW HOW TO  
FIDDLE  
AROUND  
WITH THE  
CHISEL?



I CAN FIDDLE AROUND WITH A FIDDLE,  
TOO! ETUDE IN A COLDWATER FLAT!  
ALSO, I'LL ACCOMPANY MYSELF WITH  
BOOGIE WOOGIE! HOW'S THAT FOR  
KICKING THE IVORIES AROUND?

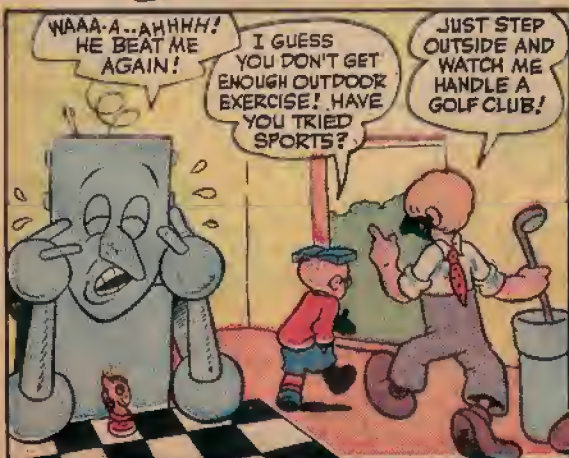
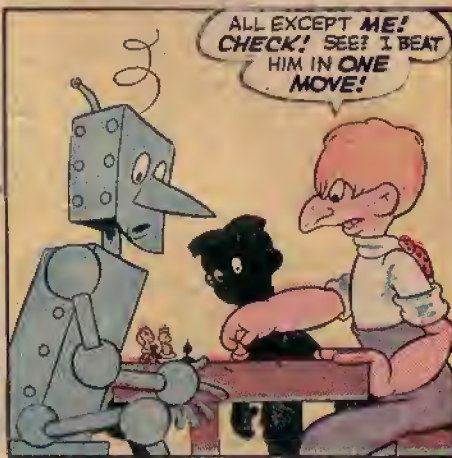
WELL, IT ISN'T  
MUSIC TO  
LISTEN TO!  
SO IT MUST  
BE DANCE  
MUSIC!



DID YOU SAY  
DANCE?

CAN  
YOU DO  
THAT,  
TOO?









THE EVIL MINIONS OF THE UNDERWORLD ARE COMING AT ME BY THE THOUSAND! IN A FLASH I DRAW MY PEARL-HANDLED REVOLVER FROM ITS HOLSTER! IT'S ONE AGAINST MANY! I MUSTN'T MISS!



**BANG!**  
BANG! BANG!  
BANG! BANG!  
**BANG!**

TSK!  
TSK!



YOU MISSED EVERY TIME! BUT DON'T GET DISCOURAGED!



GRR-RR!

REMEMBER -- PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT! BUT NOBODY'S PERFECT! SO JUST KEEP PRACTICING! IN A COUPLE OF YEARS, YOU'LL GET A LITTLE BETTER!

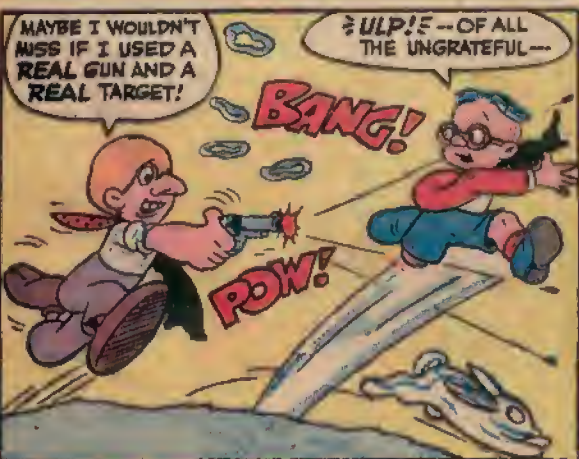


MAYBE I WOULDN'T MISS IF I USED A REAL GUN AND A REAL TARGET!

WULF! -- OF ALL THE UNGRATEFUL --

**BANG!**

**POW!**

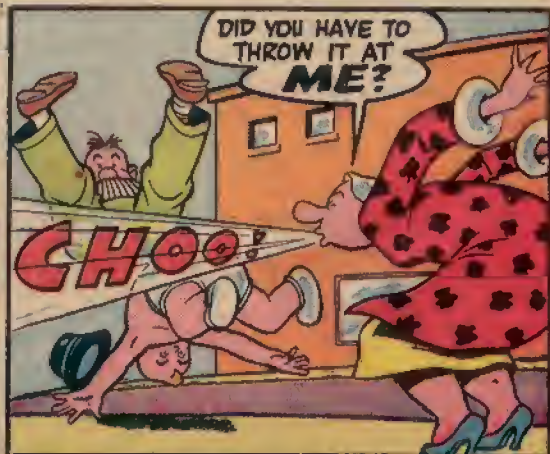
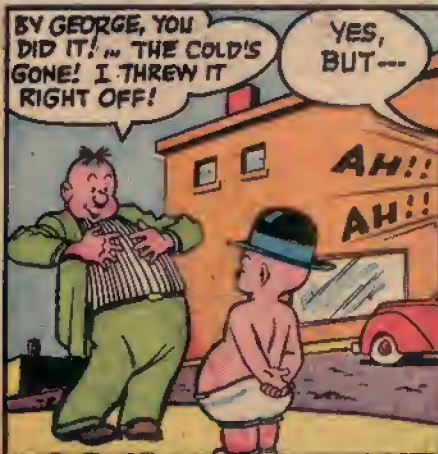
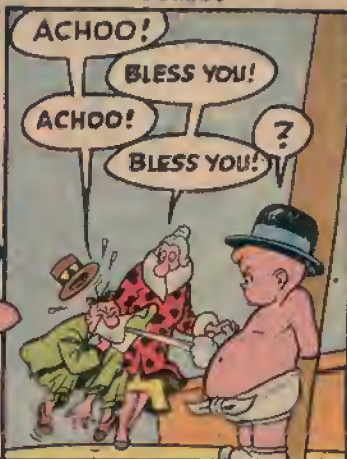
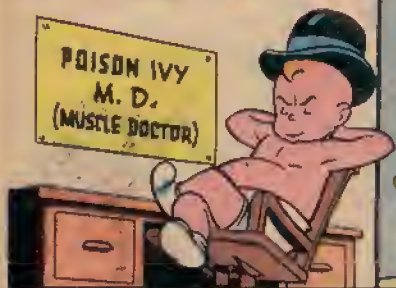


HA! HA! HE MISSED ME! WILL YOU MISS ME, TOO? I'LL BE BACK AGAIN NEXT MONTH!





# POISON IVY



# Swing Sisson

You've often heard the expression "dressed to kill"! But Swing Sisson finds that an old phrase can have a diabolically new meaning when he meets Dressy Moran—the man who was literally "DRESSED TO KILL"!



YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID!  
GET OUT!

★  
SWING  
SISSON

AND YOU CAN TAKE  
THIS WALLOP WITH  
YOU!

OHHHHH!







OKAY...  
OKAY!



HE'S ONE OF  
DRESSY MORAN'S  
THUGS! WANTED  
TO CUT IN ON  
OUR TAKE HERE  
AT THE RITZ  
THEATRE!



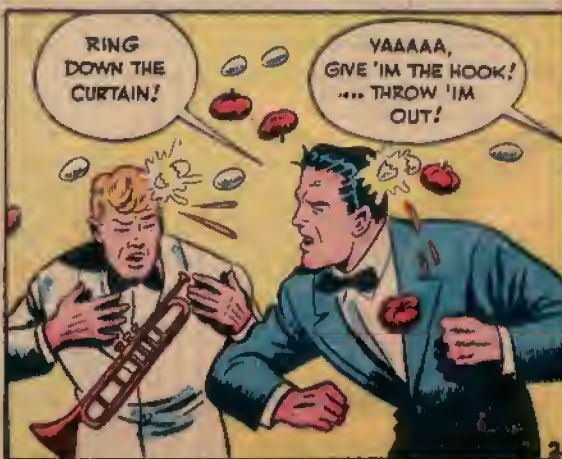
ANY TROUBLE  
HE STARTS I'LL  
FINISH! I'M NOT  
AFRAID OF  
THAT DANDIFIED  
PUNK!



FORGET  
IT! WE'VE  
GOT A SHOW  
TO DO!



HERE'S  
SOMETHIN'  
FOR YA!



YAAAAA,  
GIVE 'IM THE HOOK!  
... THROW 'IM  
OUT!

DRESSY MORAN'S THUGS DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME! IF I GET MY HANDS ON HIM, I'LL...



PHONE CALL FOR YOU, MR. SISSON!

THANKS, TAPS!... YOU CAN PACK UP YOUR DRUMS FOR THE NIGHT! WE'RE NOT GIVING THE LAST SHOW!



OKAY, MR. SISSON!

DRESSY MORAN SPEAKING! YOUR LAST WARNING, SISSON! PAY UP--OR ELSE!



START TRAVELING SOUTH AND DON'T STOP UNTIL YOU GET TO @!#!%&!

THAT GUY'S UNDER MY HIDE! I'M GOING TO GET MAD!



COUNT TO TEN! THEN I'LL GET MAD TOO!

Later... as Taps, the drummer boy, is leaving...



I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!



YOU-- YOU'RE DRESSY MORAN!



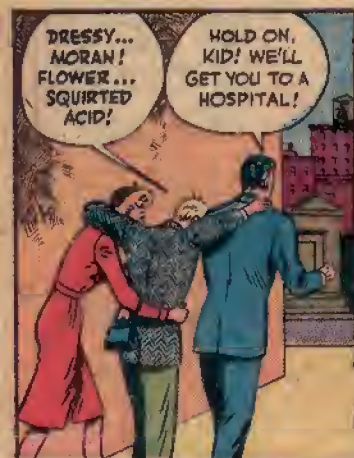
THAT'S RIGHT! YOU WORK FOR SWING SISSON'S BAND! SO I BROUGHT YOU A LITTLE PRESENT...

SMELL THE PRETTY FLOWER! HA - HA!



AAAAAAAAAAAA!



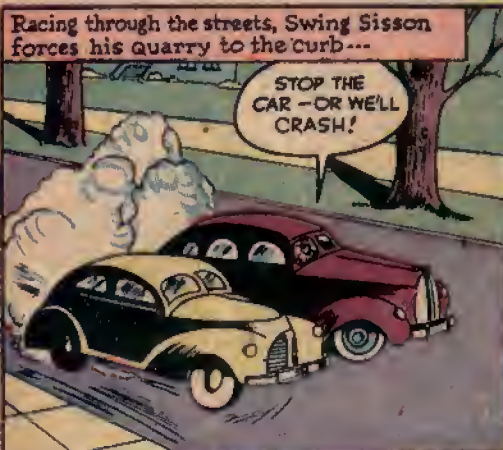






Racing through the streets, Swing Sisson forces his quarry to the curb---

STOP THE CAR - OR WE'LL CRASH!



OH, BROTHER! HOW I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS!

YOU WON'T WAIT MUCH LONGER! MY SWORD CANE...



THE LIGHT! MY EYES!

JUST AN ORDINARY COMPACT MIRROR!



IMAGINE HOW YOU'D FEEL IF I HIT YOU WITH THE WHOLE PURSE!

UGH!!



OR IF I STUCK YOU WITH A HATPIN...!

THANKS, BONNIE!

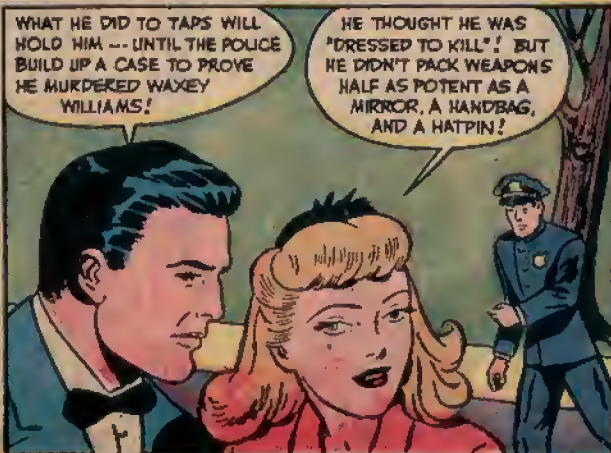


YOU PUT HIM IN THE RIGHT POSITION FOR A KAYO! THIS SPELLS FINISH FOR THE MAN WHO WAS DRESSED TO KILL!



WHAT HE DID TO TAPS WILL HOLD HIM -- UNTIL THE POLICE BUILD UP A CASE TO PROVE HE MURDERED WAXEY WILLIAMS!

HE THOUGHT HE WAS "DRESSED TO KILL"! BUT HE DIDN'T PACK WEAPONS HALF AS POTENT AS A MIRROR, A HANDBAG, AND A HATPIN!



# LALA PALOOZA

"DONATE YOUR SPARE GARMENTS TO THE POOR PEOPLE ACROSS THE SEAS! YOU WON'T MISS THEM AND THEY ARE BADLY NEEDED!"

THEM POOR PEOPLE!

I SURE WISH MY SPARE SUIT WASN'T HOOKED! HMMM... WONDER HOW LALA IS FIXED!

WHY, SHE'S GOT LOTS OF CLOTHES AND STUFF... MOREN SHE NEEDS!

I BET SHE WON'T EVEN MISS THESE ODDS AND ENDS!

HMM... COME TO THINK OF IT, I DON'T NEED TO MAIL THESE ABROAD... I KNOW A EUROPEAN RIGHT HERE IN TOWN!

I FEEL A BETTER MAN FOR HAVING DONE WHAT I DID TODAY! YES, SIR!

VINCENT!  
I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

ALL MY NEW NYLONS!  
AND MY BEST UNDIES!  
AND MY GOLD EVENING GOWN AND...

YOU WASN'T ROBBED, LALA!  
YOU SEE I KONDA DONATED 'EM....  
LEMMIE EXPLAIN!

I'LL GET IT!

NO! I'LL ANSWER IT!

OUI! OUI! SANK YOUR SO GENEROUS BROTHAIRE FOR ZE STOCKINGS AND STUFF AND TELL HIM HE HAF ZE DATE RIGHT APTAIRE LAST SHOW!

Bon Ton Business

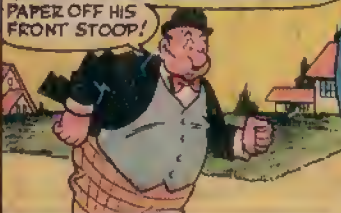
DOGGONED ISOLATIONIST!

RINGGG!

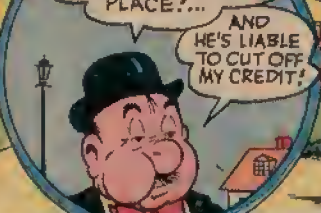


# LALA PALOOZA

McMAYEM, OUR NEW NEIGHBOR, SURE ACTED TESTY WHEN HE CAUGHT ME BORROWIN' HIS NEWS-PAPER OFF HIS FRONT STOOP!



I WOULDN'T MIND EXCEPT I HEAR HE'S BOUGHT MIKE'S PLACE!...



AND HE'S LIABLE TO CUT OFF MY CREDIT!

OH, BOY! THAT MUST BE HIS SON OUT IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE NOW! IF I COULD ONLY GET IN GOOD WITH THE KID!



SOMETHING TROUBLING YOU, MY LITTLE MAN?

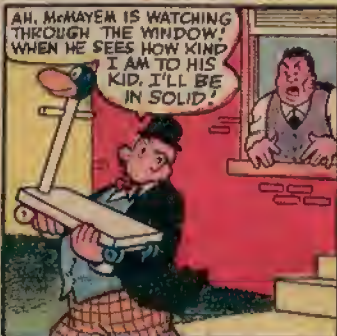


YES, SIR... THAT SCOOTER ON THE STEP IS TOO HEAVY FOR ME TO LIFT DOWN!

I'LL GET IT FOR YOU, SON!



AH, McMAYER IS WATCHING THROUGH THE WINDOW! WHEN HE SEES HOW KIND I AM TO HIS KID, I'LL BE IN SOLID!



SO! FIRST IT'S NEWSPAPERS AND NOW IT'S TOYS HE STEALS!

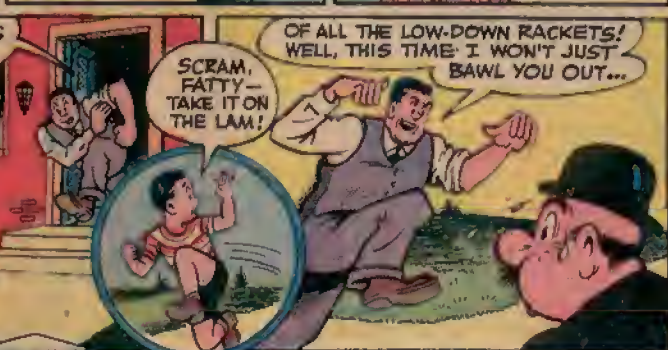
OH, OH!



SCRAM, FATTY—TAKE IT ON THE LAM!



OF ALL THE LOW-DOWN RACKETS! WELL, THIS TIME I WON'T JUST BAWL YOU OUT...



—I'M GONNA PEEL OFF YOUR ENTIRE HIDE AND SPREAD IT OVER THE STREET LIKE ASPHALT!



I'LL BE A LITTLE LATE FOR SUPPER, LALA!



# LALA PALOOZA

AND IT'S ALWAYS GOOD PSYCHOLOGY WHEN TRYING TO SELL A TOUGH CUSTOMER OR WHEN ASKING THE BOSS FOR A RAISE, TO MAKE SURE THE OTHER PARTY IS IN GOOD HUMOR; IF HE ISN'T, THEN TRY TO GET HIM IN GOOD HUMOR!

THAT'S IT... I'LL TRY TO GET LALA IN A LAUGHING, JOLLY MOOD BEFORE I HIT HER FOR A HOIST IN MY ALLOWANCE!

SO WHEN THE MARINE ASKED THE MISSIONARY IF HE WAS EVER ABLE TO MAKE ANY PROGRESS WITH THEM CANNIBALS, THE MISSIONARY SEZ, "OH, YES, INDEED—THEY ALL USE KNIVES AND FORKS NOW!"

HO-HO-HO! FUNNY, EH, LALA?

NOPE!

KHMPH!... OH, WELL, I'LL TRY THAT LITTLE ACT DINNY McGINTY PULLED AT THE PARTY LAST NIGHT---

—IT SURE WOWED US!

ABOUT THIRTY MINUTES OF THIS

OH, FEET, FEET, BE-YOOUT-IFUL FEET, MARCHING PROUDLY UP THE STREET! WITH DAFFODILS UPON MY DOME, THE PRODIGAL HE-RO NOW HEADS HOME!

NOW LOOK, VINCENT... YOU'RE HEADED HOME, ALL RIGHT—BUT NOT THIS ONE! SO, JUST SLIP ON YOUR BOOTS AND BOBBY SOX WHILE I BUZZ THE BOOBY HATCH!

OH! WHAT'S THE USE?



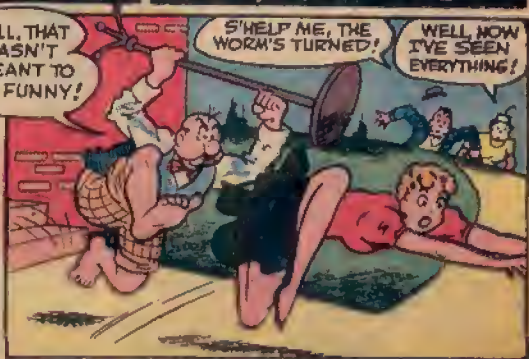
OH, HO-HO-HO! HO-HO-HO-HO! HO-HO-HO!

WELL, THAT WASN'T MEANT TO BE FUNNY!

S'HELP ME, THE WORM'S TURNED!

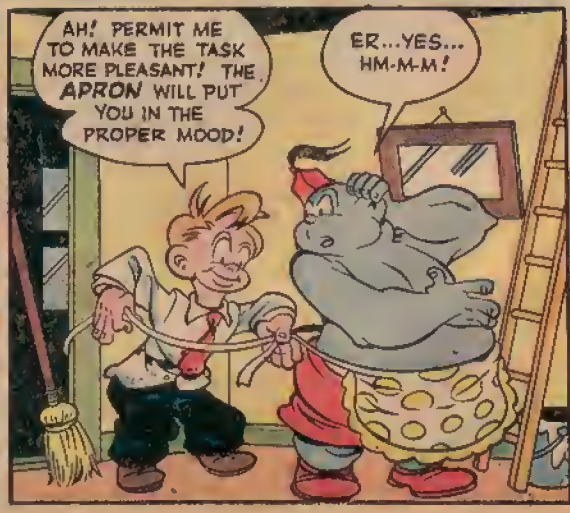
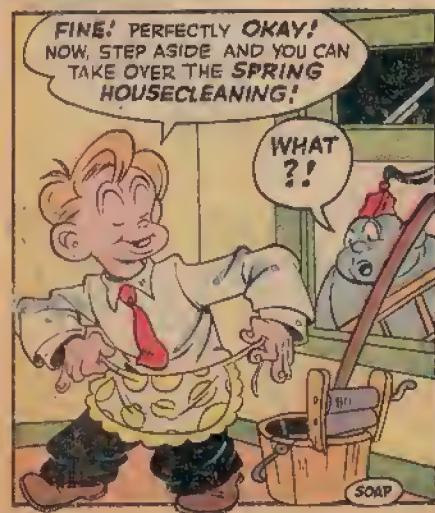
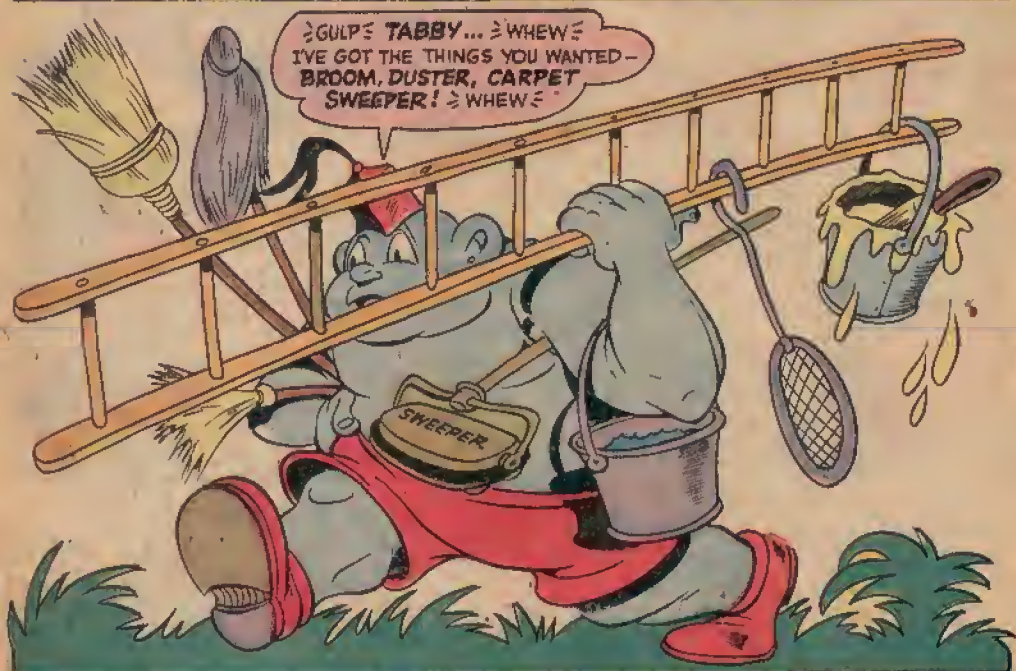
WELL, NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!

SO NOW SHE LAUGHS!





# BLIMPY



...AND SHOULD YOU BE IN THE  
NEED OF EXPERT AUTHORITY,  
PLEASE REFER TO THIS BOOK  
--- PAGES 72 TO 196,  
**INCLUSIVE!**



**HMF!**

GO TO IT, BLIMPY! HA! HA!  
AH! THE **SPRING** SPIRIT WILL  
GET INTO YOUR BONES AS  
IT HAS INTO MINE!  
TRA-LA-LA-A-A



THE **NERVE** OF THAT GUY!...  
MAKING ME DO THE HOUSE  
WORK 'CAUSE I'M TOO **DUMB**  
TO EARN A LIVING!  
**HMF!**



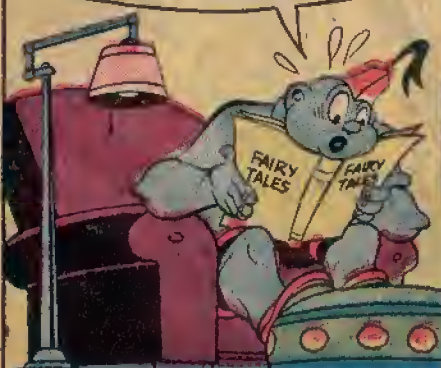
TRA-LA-LA...  
**BAH!**



LET'S SEE - PAGE 72... AH,  
HERE 'TIS! "ALL WAS QUIET  
THAT NIGHT... THE SHOEMAKER  
HAD GONE TO BED..."



"...AND WHILE HE WAS SLEEPING,  
THE ELVES SLOWLY TIPTOED INTO  
HIS SHOP AND..." >GULP< GOSH!  
I'M READING THE WRONG BOOK!



A short  
while later--

GEE! WHAT A WONDERFUL  
IDEA! JUST THINK ---A LOT  
OF LITTLE GUYS DID ALL  
HIS WORK FOR HIM!





HA-M-M! YOU HAVE ONLY TO BELIEVE IN FAIRIES AND ALL GOOD THINGS WILL BE DONE! I THINK I DO BELIEVE IN THEM!



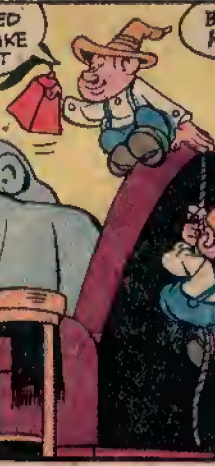
THAT'S ALL WE WANTED TO KNOW, BLIMPY! TAKE OFF YOUR LID AND GET TO WORK!

E-ELVES?!



BAWL HIXA OUT, HEPPLEHOP!

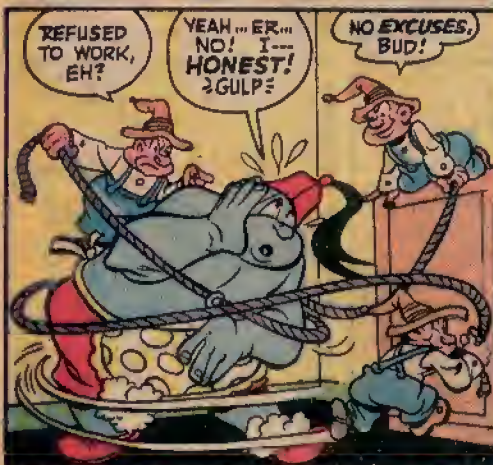
YEAH! IMP-SWITCH!



REFUSED TO WORK, EH?

YEAH... ER... NO! I--- HONEST! GULP!

NO EXCUSES, BUD!



FAW-WARD, MARCH!



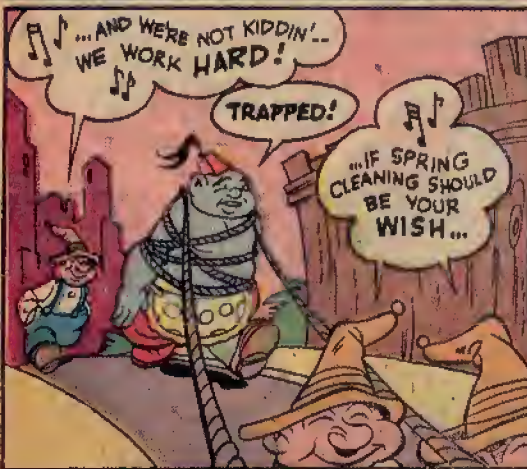
WE ARE THE BOYS OF THE CLEAN UP SQUAD...



...AND WE'RE NOT KIDDIN'! WE WORK HARD!

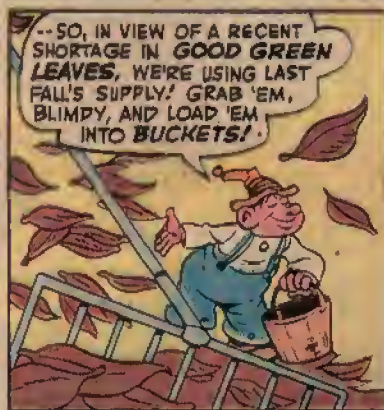
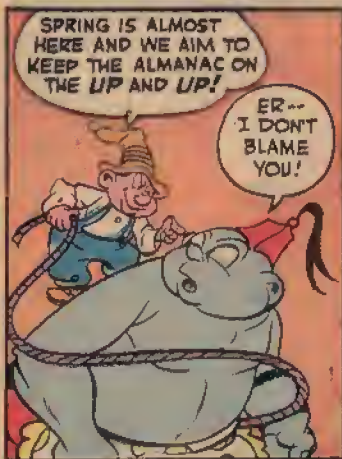
TRAPPED!

...IF SPRING CLEANING SHOULD BE YOUR WISH...

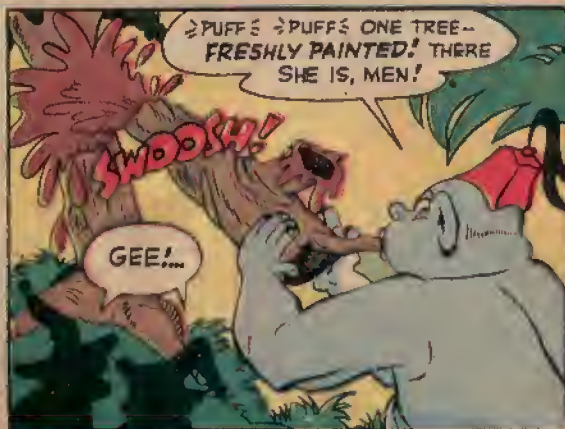


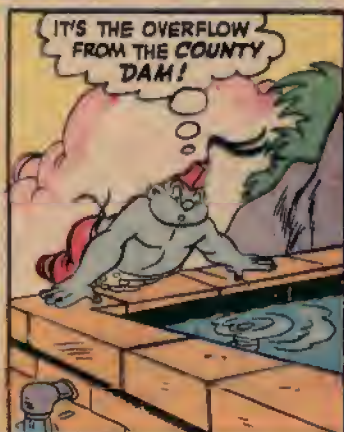
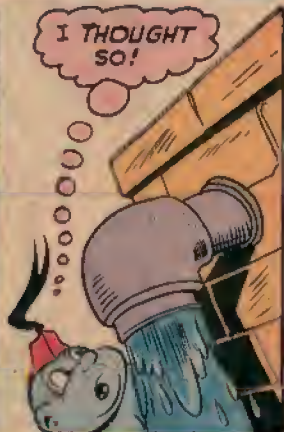
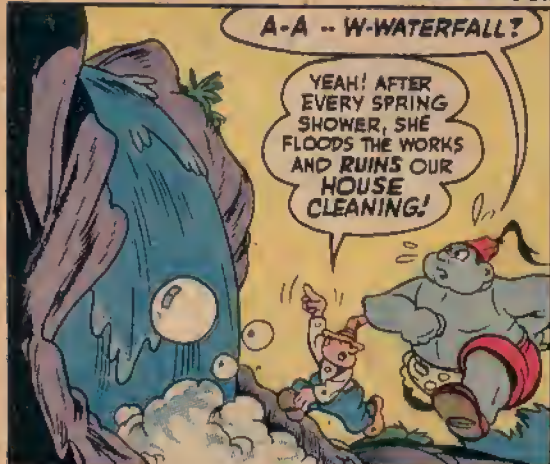
...THEN CALL ON US... IT'S JUST OUR DISH!













T-THEY'RE  
**GONE!**

THEY DIDN'T EVEN  
THANK ME, BUT, AT  
LEAST, I'VE LEARNED  
MY LESSON ABOUT  
HOUSECLEANING!

**BLIMPY!!**  
WHERE HAVE  
YOU BEEN?

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME  
YOU LIKE HOUSEWORK? GOLLY-  
YOU'VE JUST ABOUT DONE  
**EVERYTHING!**

ER... I  
HAVE?

IT'S ABSOLUTELY **SPIC**  
AND **SPAN!** WALLS  
WASHED, RUGS CLEANED,  
WINDOWS WASHED...  
**AMAZING!** HOW  
DID YOU DO  
IT ALL?

HM-M-M!

I --ER-- HAVE A CONFESSION  
TO MAKE, TABBY! I THINK THE  
**LITTLE ELVES** OF THE FOREST  
HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH  
**THIS!**

WHAT?  
YOU EXPECT  
ME TO BELIEVE  
IN FAIRIES?  
**HMF!**

SURE... ♪♪♪ "THE  
BOYS OF THE CLEAN  
UP SQUAD!"

♪...AND WE'RE NOT  
KIDDIN' -- WE  
**WORKED  
HARD!** ♪

# SPIN SHAW

WHO ..... ME?

**CRIME CORPORATION**

Yes, Captain Shaw .... **YOU'RE ELECTED!**  
And who's better qualified than **YOU** ... after all the adventures in which you've flouted discipline to pursue excitement ... to slap a crew of criminals back into the groove of **LAW AND ORDER!**

At an experimental flying field in the tropics....

WELCOME, CAPTAIN SHAW!  
THE NAVAL HIGH COMMAND  
TOLD US THEY WERE  
SENDING YOU!

YES—I'M  
GOING TO  
STREAMLINE, SOUP  
UP AND COMPLETE  
WORK ON THAT NEW  
SPEEDSHOT PLANE  
OF YOURS—IT  
SAYS HERE!

WE CAN ATTAIN  
A FLYING  
SPEED OF...

WHATEVER  
YOU ATTAIN,  
YOU CAN  
IMPROVE BY  
TRIMMING THE  
LINES THERE—  
SUPER-CHARGING  
AND ELIMINATING  
A FEW POUNDS  
OF WEIGHT...

Unauthorized watchers have  
avoided the guards....

HEAR THAT, KABULI?  
THIS PLANE WILL BE  
WORTH OUR  
STEALING!



ONE SIDE, YOU BLACK-SMITH! LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO JIVE UP THIS CREAM-WHIPPER!

YES--CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW'S A BRILLIANT BATTLER, ENGINEER AND FLIER-- BUT HE'S CERTAINLY BIZARRE!

I'VE HEARD 'PLENTY ABOUT HIM -- ALWAYS GETTING DECORATED OR SCOLDED BY THE BRASS HATS! ONLY ONE LIKE HIM IN THE ARMED FORCES!

WHICH IS PROBABLY A GOOD THING!

Working like a demon, Spin Shaw makes swift, radical changes....

YOU'RE GOING TO FLY HER NOW, CAPTAIN? WITHOUT CHECKING--

BEST WAY TO CHECK HER IS TO FLY HER! HOP IN -- I NEED YOU!

B-B-BUT, CAPTAIN! WHY DO YOU N-NEED ME UP HERE?

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT, ONE OUT OF TWO MAY LIVE TO REPORT PROGRESS!

AH, SHE RETURNS TO EARTH! AN IDEAL PLANE!

AND THE TIME TO TAKE HER OVER IS NOW!

GET OUT, GROUND LOUSE! PUT STICKUM ON YOUR HAIR TO MAKE IT LIE DOWN --- I SEE A DETAIL TO FIX IN HERE!

AS SOON AS IT'S LEFT ALONE, CREEDON --- WE FLY HER AWAY!

CAPTAIN SHAW'S STILL INSIDE!

ANOTHER VALUABLE PROPERTY TO CONVERT TO OUR OWN USE!

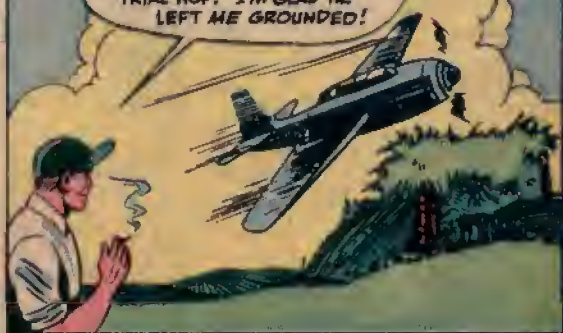
PLANE-SNATCHERS.  
HUH? I'LL TAKE THIS  
WRENCH AND UN-  
COUPLE YOUR HEADS  
FROM YOUR ---

PUT IT DOWN,  
CAPTAIN! TAKE  
CONTROLS,  
KABULI!



And the priceless experimental  
Speedster sails into the sky....

THAT HURRICANE-HAPPY  
SPIN SHAW'S OFF ON ANOTHER  
TRIAL HOP! I'M GLAD HE  
LEFT ME GROUNDED!



... Crossing miles of ocean, it  
descends upon an island!

OBSERVE, CAPTAIN! THIS  
LITTLE SAND-SPIT HAS LONG  
BEEN OUR HOME! NOW IT  
WILL BE YOURS!



YOU SEE OUR COLLEAGUES  
IN MANY PROFITABLE VENTURES!  
GET OUT AND I SHALL  
EXPLAIN!



THEY LOOK LIKE  
BIT-PLAYERS IN  
A PIRATE  
MOVIE!

HOW  
APPROPRIATE!  
WE DO A SORT  
OF TWENTIETH-  
CENTURY  
PIRACY!



THROUGH THIS PART OF THE  
WORLD WE SMUGGLE DOPE,  
STOLEN JEWELS -- SOME-  
TIMES SPIES OR INTER-  
NATIONAL CROOKS --  
MOST PROFITABLE!

DON'T YOU  
THINK I'M  
A LITTLE  
RUGGED  
TO FIT INTO  
YOUR  
PICTURE?



NO! YOU SEE, CAPTAIN, OUR  
PLANES ARE OUTDATED FOR  
SMUGGLING! THEY'RE TOO  
EASILY SPOTTED  
AND CAPTURED!

SO WE  
TOOK YOURS!  
NOTHING IN THE  
AIR CAN GET  
CLOSE ENOUGH  
EVEN TO SHOOT  
AT IT!





WHAT A BUNCH OF SAPS! ONLY A MASTER MECHANIC CAN KEEP THAT BABY IN FIRST-CLASS SHAPE!

WE HAVE A MASTER MECHANIC-- YOU!

SUPPOSE I WON'T PLAY, CREEDON? YOU HAVEN'T ASKED ME IN A VERY NICE WAY!

THEN, MOST REGRETFULLY, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO MY COMPANIONS TO PRACTISE SOME NEW TORTURES!

MAKE UP YOUR MIND QUICK! THEY HAVE SEVERAL NEW METHODS -- THEY'RE EAGER TO EXPERIMENT!

MMMM... YOU SEEM TO WIN, CREEDON! I'LL MECHANIC YOUR MOB!

FIRST OF ALL -- THIS PLANE REALLY NEEDS ROCKET PROPULSION TO BE A SUCCESS!

WE'VE GOT THE PARTS AND THE ROCKET FUEL RIGHT HERE! BRING IT OVER, BOYS!

I DON'T KNOW IF THIS STUFF HAS ANY POWER! ALL WATCH CLOSELY -- BECAUSE IT MAY NOT BE ANY GOOD ---

NO, I WAS WRONG! IT'S PERFECT!

YOU CRAZY KILLER! I'LL ---

NICE DODGING, KABULI!

FOOL, YOU MADE ME DROP MY GUN!

WEREN'T YOU  
TALKING ABOUT  
VIOLENCE, CREEDON?  
LIKE THIS?

QUICK, TO THAT  
DEVIL MACHINE  
HE MADE!  
SPRAY HIM!

WE MISSED!  
AIM  
AGAIN!--

YOU DROPPED  
SOMETHING,  
GENTLEMEN!



THAT FUEL'S AWFULLY  
TOUCHY! NUDGE IT AND  
IT GETS JUMPY!

EVERYBODY WIPED OUT!  
THESE PLANES ARE OLD-FASHIONED!  
NOT WORTH SALVAGING! I'LL  
LIGHT THEM UP AND FLY  
MY OWN BABY BACK!



Back at the experimental field...

HERE COMES CAPTAIN SHAW  
BACK FROM HIS FLIGHT!  
WINGING LIKE  
AN ANGEL!

DON'T USE THAT  
WORD, BOSS! IT  
SOUNDS SO  
OFF-THE-EARTH!

PLANE'S A SUCCESS,  
CAPTAIN? ANY TROUBLE  
ON THAT LITTLE  
HOP?

JUST A  
TRIFLE, SIR!  
JUST A  
TRIFLE!





# PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

WANH HAI was old. He was wise, too. Wanh Hai had lived in the Islands since he could remember. In fact, some there were who swore Wanh Hai had never been born, but instead had just suddenly appeared in the Islands. He was still there.

Wanh Hai was a trader. Honest. He dealt in anything that had value, such as copra, hides, tallow, beetlenuts and pearls. Few persons knew of his pearl dealings, but Wanh Hai had them for sale; he also bought them—from the right people.

There were pearlers scattered all over the South Seas who would do no business except with old Wanh Hai. Wanh Hai was honest, and they always got a fair deal.

Perry Scott knew Wanh Hai. Had known him for several years—ever since his yacht had touched the island. Wanh Hai and Perry were the best of friends, and they enjoyed many an evening together, sipping tea and swapping yarns. Of course, Wanh Hai could tell the best ones, being older several times over.

Wanh Hai had a beautiful philosophy. He believed that if you did the honest thing for someone, then a good thing would come to you. Or many good things. Wanh Hai had done good things for everyone with whom he had come in contact. It is the only kind of thing he had ever done. Many good things had come his way.

Perry slid into the little harbor one day with a real surprise for old Wanh Hai. He had come upon two perfectly matched pearls in

a bargain far to the south. He knew Wanh Hai was looking for pearls to match a string which a wealthy importer in San Francisco had been negotiating for his new wife, for at least a year.

"Look at these, Wanh Hai," said Perry as he dumped the two shining globules on the velvet covered table in the back of Wanh Hai's store. "Look pretty nice, huh?"

The old Chinese picked up first one and then the other and squinted through his thick glasses. He laid them back on the table. "Perry, they are the most beautiful I've seen in many years. I need only four more and I'll have the good man's string ready. How much?"

Perry said, "You tell me. Whatever you say is oke by me. I know it'll be a lot more than I paid."

It was. Wanh Hai counted out the money and slid it across the table. "How's that, my good friend?"

Perry shoved the greenbacks into his pocket. He didn't bother to count them.

"Whatever it is, it's good enough, Wanh Hai."

That's how things stood between Wanh Hai and Perry Scott.

One day a large schooner slipped into the harbor and laid quietly all day. People on shore looked at her and wondered. Who did she belong to? Why didn't someone on board show himself?

That night only one light was visible on board. It was presumably in the captain's cabin. But no one came on shore. And that made the mystery even greater. Whose schooner was it?

The next morning, however, a boat was lowered and three men towed across the lagoon and pulled the small boat up onto the beach. The men stepped out on the sand. They were dressed in clean whites. They headed for Wanh Hai's store.

Wanh Hai welcomed them as he did everyone, with a toothless grin and friendly words. He set tea out for them.

"Naw," said one of the newcomers. "We didn't come to see you for tea. We came to sell some pearls. You wanta buy pearls, China boy?"

Wanh Hai secretly resented the "China boy," but he said nothing didn't change expression. Blandly he said, "Will be glad to look at pearl." He led the way to the little back room and indicated chairs. The men sat down and the leader produced a leather pouch.

"These ain't matched y'understand," he said, "but they're good globes for all that." He dumped the contents of the pouch upon the velvet cover. At least a score of various-sized pearls rolled over the dark material.

"Pretty, ain't they, Chinky?"

Wanh Hai, always inscrutable, picked up one of the globules and scanned it through his thick glasses. He dropped it and picked up another. Each of them in turn he examined. Then he folded his thin yellow hands and looked at the leader of the men.

"Will pay you \$18,000, for same," he said. "That good price, yes sir." Wanh Hai often dropped into pidgin English when discussing with certain people, although

he could speak perfect English, and several other languages. "Good price, yessir," he repeated.

The leader cursed. "What you mean, eighteen grand, Chink? Them pearls are worth double that!"

Wanh Hai was adamant. "That my price, gent'men. You no like, then we cannot do business. Meh-eso someone else pay more, yessir." He arose as if the conversation was ended. The men remained seated.

"Tell you what," said the leader, "we know where we can get a stiff price, if we can find some others to match a few of these. You catchem pearls?"

Wanh Hai said, "Pearls not fo' sale."

"Whadt'ya mean, not for sale?" growled the leader.

Wanh Hai bowed. "No pearls fo' sale, m'Clends."

The three men got up, scraping their chairs over the floor. The leader said, "Mehbe we can make you change your mind, old Mandarin!" He squinted at his two henchmen. "How about it, fellows?"

One of them whispered something to him. The latter nodded and the three started for the front. At the door, the leader turned and faced the old man.

"We may call on you again. Or maybe we won't." With that they were gone.

Wanh Hai looked after them for a moment and shook his head. He didn't figure such men out. He told Perry about their visit that evening.

"Yeah, I know," said Perry. "I tried to get a line on 'em but couldn't. Nobody knows anything about them or their schooner, the Boomer. Better be careful, Wanh Hai, I don't think they mean anything good."

Wanh Hai nodded. "They won't catch Wanh Hai napping, Perry."

The schooner was gone the next morning. That fact troubled the inhabitants of the little village more than anything else. Few persons had seen the men. No one knew anything about them or their ship. Now it was gone, without any explanation. They wondered, and talked about the mystery for several days, until the schooner returned to the harbor and dropped anchor.

When Perry visited Wanh Hai's store that afternoon, to pick up a trinket the old Chinese had been modeling out of clay for him, he asked if the men of the schooner had been around.

"Not yet, but they come, you bet," said Wanh Hai. "I still will not sell my pearls," he added with a sly twinkle. Then he turned to his easel and picked up the foot-high figurine he had finished. "You like him, Perry?"

Perry took the clay object and turned it over and over. It was an exquisite piece of work. A water buffalo with a boy astride.

"Never saw its equal anywhere," Perry told him. "Wanh Hai, where did you learn all the things you know? You do everything—well."

Wanh Hai laughed at the tribute. "You are a good friend, my boy. For good friends one can do his best."

Perry took the figure back home with him and set it on the mantle.

When the Clipper from Apia landed that afternoon, Perry was at the wharf to meet it. There would be mail. And there would be a fine gift for Wanh Hai. A book the old Chinese had been trying everywhere to obtain.

Perry carried it over to the store that evening. Wanh Hai was no where about. He called. Then he heard a sound in the back

room. Cautiously he tiptoed to the hanging curtain and looked in. Wanh Hai was bound and gagged in a chair. The place was a wreck. Quickly he jumped to untie the old man.

Wanh Hai grinned sheepishly as he rubbed his wrists. "They come, all right," he said. "They want to buy pearls."

"Did they get 'em?" cried Perry.

Wanh Hai pointed to the little secret panel in one wall. A silken hanging had been torn away, exposing it. Wanh Hai nodded.

"Good grief!" cried Perry. "All those beautiful matched pearls!"

Wanh Hai nodded. "Good comes to him who does good," he muttered. "Bad to him who does evil. I just remember, Perry, I forgot to finish one little part of your buffalo. You will go now and get same for me."

"B-but the pearls—"

"Get buffalo, please," ordered the old man. Perry hurried out. At home, he picked up the buffalo and hurried back to Wanh Hai's. The old man worked for a moment with a tool and, the head came off the buffalo. Out poured a stream of pearls. Wanh Hai's matched pearls!

Perry cried out. Wanh Hai smiled. He put the pearls back in a little bag taken from a drawer and attached the buffalo's head.

"Sometimes," said the Chinese, "when one lose head, like buffalo, it is for good purpose. Catch?"

Perry nodded. "B-but they got the pearls—"

Wanh Hai lifted a bony hand. "No, Perry, they got only imitations I kept for just that purpose. I had that safe made for that purpose—to keep the imitation pearls in. So you see, those men were bad; they only reap ill luck so!"



# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

GIVEN A MEDICAL DISCHARGE BY THE NAVY, MICKEY IS NOW SERVING AS ONE OF HIS UNCLE PHIL'S DEPUTIES—PHIL HAVING BEEN SWORN IN AS SHERIFF.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MA? I HEARD YOU ARGUING WITH UNCLE PHIL!

HE'S BOUGHT ANOTHER OF THOSE COWBOY HATS, MICHAEL—AND HE'S DETERMINED TO WEAR IT!

I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE, UNCLE PHIL! THAT KIND OF A HAT MAKES YOU LOOK FOOLISH!

AND I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE—THIS IS THE KIND OF A HAT THAT ALL SHERIFFS WEAR!

IN THE MOVIES, MAYBE! BUT NOT IN REAL LIFE! YOU'RE ONLY WEARIN' IT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION!

I'M WEARIN' IT BECAUSE IT ADDS DIGNITY TO MY APPEARANCE!

IT ADDS SOMETHING ALL RIGHT—but I'D HARDLY SAY IT WAS DIGNITY!

THAT'S THE TRUTH, PHIL! A DERBY IS FAR MORE BECOMING!

WITHOUT A DERBY YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE YOURSELF, UNCLE PHIL!

I'VE WORN MY LAST DERBY! NOW THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!

WELL, I GUESS THAT SETTLES IT, MA!

YOU BET IT SETTLES IT! NOW GET YOUR OWN HAT AND LET'S GET DOWN TO THE OFFICE!

GOSH—HERE COMES OLD MR. LIGHT! I THOUGHT THEY HAD PUT HIM AWAY!

THEY DID—BUT THE DOCTORS SAID HE WAS HARMLESS, SO THEY LET HIM OUT!

BY GOLLY, PHIL—I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU AT FIRST—WHERE'S YOUR IRON HAT?

I'M THROUGH WEARIN' A DERBY MR. LIGHT! A SOFT HAT LIKE THIS HAS MORE CLASS!

YOU SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO THE DERBY!

WHY?

SUPPOSE SOMEBODY HIT YOU ON THE HEAD—LIKE THIS!

WACK!

AND IT COULD HAPPEN, TOO!

?

SHALL I WRAP IT UP, SIR?

NO! I'LL WEAR IT!

## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

SUPPOSE THERE IS A BIRD'S NEST IN THERE, NIPPIE—WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BOTHER IT FOR?

I JUST WANT TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY EGGS!

OOOW!

# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

I SUPPOSE YOUR UNCLE PHIL IS GETTING A GREAT KICK OUT OF BEING SHERIFF, EH, MICKEY?

OH, YES, SERGEANT! HE'S TAKING IT VERY SERIOUSLY! IN FACT, HE'S A CHARGED MAN!

WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS, PHILIP—HANDCUFFS?

YES—THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY! THEY WERE ISSUED TO ME BY THE COUNTY TODAY!

WELL, PUT THEM AWAY! THEY MAKE ME NERVOUS!

I WANT TO KNOW YOU NOW FAST THEY SNAP ON! SEE!

TAKE THEM OFF, PHILIP! I DON'T EVEN LIKE TO SEE THEM ON YOU IN FUN!

THE KEY IS IN MY RIGHT-HAND BACK POCKET—GET IT!

THERE'S NO KEY IN THAT POCKET, PHILIP!

HOLY MACKEREL! I JUST REMEMBER—I LEFT IT IN MY DESK AT THE OFFICE!

TEH, TEH! WELL, I WOULD CALL UP THE OFFICE, AND HAVE ONE OF YOUR DEPUTIES BRING IT OVER!

DO YOU THINK I WANT ANYONE TO KNOW ABOUT THIS? I'LL GO DOWN TO THE OFFICE AND NOBODY'LL BE THE WISER!

THERE'S A NEW COP ON OUR BEAT, PHILIP! IF HE SEES THEM ON YOU, HE'LL NOBODY'S GONNA SEE 'EM! BUTTIN' THE COAT OVER MY HANDS!



JUST A MINUTE! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT UNDER THAT COAT?

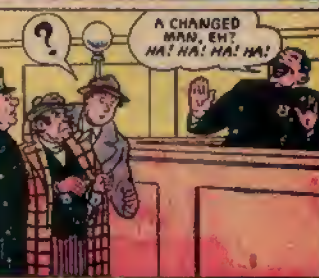
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! I'M THE SHERIFF OF THIS COUNTY! GO ON AND WALK YOUR POST!

OH! SO YOU'RE THE SHERIFF, EH? C'MON, WISE GUY! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE HIDIN'!



HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED FROM A SANATORIUM, SERGEANT! HE KEEPS TELLIN' ME THAT HE'S THE SHERIFF!

WELL, TELL HIM YOU'RE J. EDGAR HOOVER—AND BRING HIM IN!



## NIPPIE

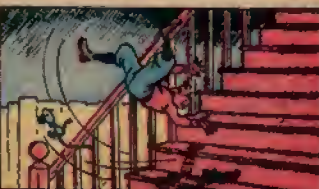
By Lank Leonard

NIPPIE—DID YOU BRING IN YOUR ROLLER SKATES?

I THINK I LEFT 'EM ON THE BACK STAIRS—I'LL BRING 'EM IN WHEN I FINISH THE FUNNIES!

YOU'LL BRING THEM IN NOW! IT'S GETTING DARK AND IF YOUR DAD COMES IN THE BACK WAY, THEY MIGHT GIVE HIM A BAD FALL!

OKAY! BUT HE'D SEE THEM!





# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

PHIL SEEMS TO BE GETTING ALONG FINE AS SHERIFF, MRS. FINN! I'M REALLY SURPRISED!

WELL, MICHAEL AND SERGEANT NALLIGAN WATCH HIM VERY CLOSELY, FLODDIE—I GUESS THAT ACCOUNTS FOR IT!

WHERE IS PHIL, NOW, MICKEY?

HE'S IN THERE, SERGEANT—READING A DETECTIVE STORY!

WELL, DO YOU WANT TO GO OUT FOR LUNCH NOW—OR SHALL I GO?

YOU GO!—I'M NOT HUNGRY YET!

I'LL TAKE IT, UNCLE PHIL!—UNLESS IT'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT, SAY I'M OUT!

CERTAINLY! I'LL COME RIGHT UP!

IT WAS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE! THEY WANT TO SEE ME ABOUT SOMETHING! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

OKAY!

WELL, DO YOU WANT TO GO OUT FOR LUNCH NOW—OR SHALL I GO?

A BIG POKER GAME, EH? WHERE?

Y-YOU MEAN HE WENT OUT TO RAID SOME GAMBLING JOINT?

I THINK SO! AFTER HE GOT THE ADDRESS HE RUSHED RIGHT DOWN FOR HIS CAR!

WHO WENT WITH HIM IN THE CAR?

JUST MURDOONEY! AND THEY SURE WERE IN A HURRY!

SLOW DOWN, MURDOONEY! IT'S THAT BIG APARTMENT ON THE CORNER!

RIGHT!

IF HE'D ONLY LEFT THE ADDRESS, SERGEANT! HE'LL BUNGLE IT AS SURE AS FATE!

WELL, I'M A LITTLE PROUD OF HIM. MICKEY! I DIDN'T THINK HE'D HAVE THE COURAGE TO TACKLE IT WITHOUT US!

HOW MANY CARDS, PHIL?

JUST ONE, DELANEY!—AND I THINK I'M GONNA BE AWFUL GLAD YOU PHONED!

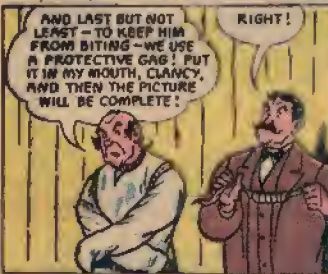
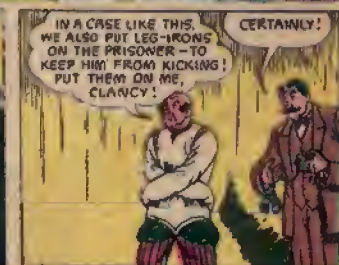
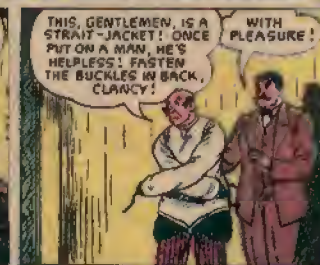
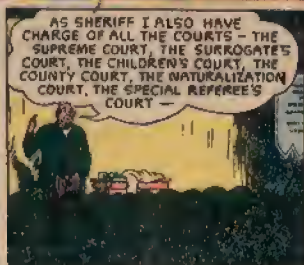
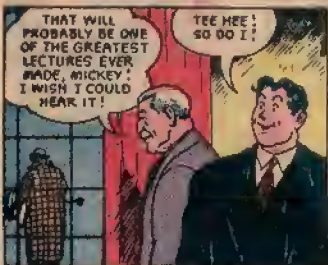
NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



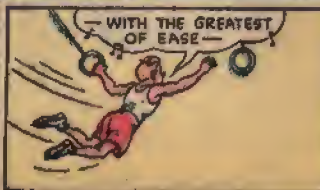
# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

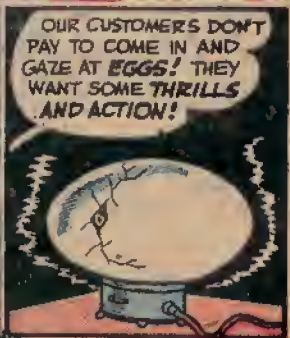
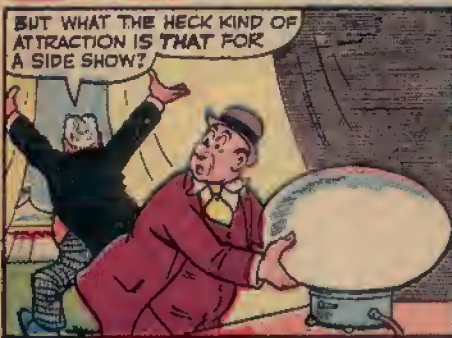
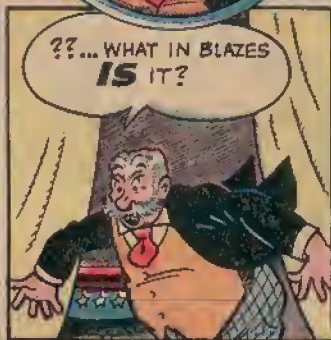


NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard







# BIG TOP

THE WAGES JEFF BANGS PAYS HIS CLOWNS IN THIS CIRCUS WOULDN'T KEEP A GNAT IN KNEE PANTS OR A BUG IN BREAKFAST FOOD!



AND I'M THE GUY TO DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT!

RIGHT NOW!



CALLIN' ALL CLOWNS! C'MON, FELLAS--- GATHER AROUND!



OKAY, MEN! ARE WE GONNA LET THIS STUFFED-SHIRT SIMON LEGREE SLAP US AROUND FOREVER, OR DO WE START PICKETING THE OLD PORPOISE FOR A SQUARE SHAKE AND A RAISE IN SALARY?



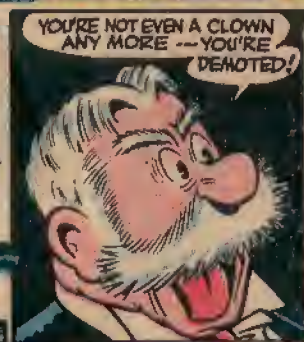
WHY, THE NERVE OF THAT @&#%&#!



SO YOU'LL PICKET ME, WILL YOU?



YOU'RE NOT EVEN A CLOWN ANY MORE --- YOU'RE DEMOTED!



FROM NOW ON YOU'RE CHAMBERMAID TO THE CHIMPANZEES AND BUTLER TO THE BABOONS, YOU FAT RADICAL!



KEH! NOW LET HIM TRY PICKETING ME!



JEFF BANGS IS UNFAIR TO CLOWNS!

AND US CHIMPS!

ALSO, WE BABOONS, BLAST HIM!

BANGS AIN'T A FIT ROSS FOR APE OR MAN!

SLAVE WAGES! BUTCH HAS TO BUY HIS SUITS ONE PANT LEG AT A TIME!

AND WE WANT BIGGER AND BETTER BANANAS.





# Rusty Ryan

The BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS, trained at Boyville, U.S.A., charge in where their leader, Rusty Ryan, points the way—even to the lair of **LORGO**, the mysterious giant!

by Paul Gustavson



MORE LIKE DREADNAUGHT SIZE! NOBODY GIVES HIM ANY ARGUMENT! LAST NIGHT HE HOWLED OUT SOME THINGS HE WANTED, AND I BROUGHT 'EM JUST NOW!

QUITE A PILE! WHAT ARE SOME OF THEM?



FOOD --- LOOKS CHOICE! YOUR GIANT HAS AN EDUCATED APPETITE!

LIKEWISE -- HE'S NOT GONNA LIKE YOUR POKING INTO HIS BUSINESS!



AREN'T THESE PAJAMAS RATHER BRIEF FOR SUCH A GIANT?

HE ASKED FOR THAT SIZE! WE DON'T ARGUE, I TELL YOU! -- I THINK HE'S COMING NOW!



WHO'S THAT MEDDLING WITH MY AFFAIRS? GET AWAY, OR--



LET ME ALONE! I'D LIKE A CLOSER VIEW OF THAT OVER-SIZED OAF!

BETTER STAY CLEAR, SON! LOOK HOW HE PICKS UP THAT STUFF--STRONGER'N A BAY STEER, HE IS!

FATE DECREES ADVENTURE, PIERPONT! FATE IS EVERYWHERE -- I MYSELF AM BUT A CREATURE OF FATE!

FATE, YOU MEAN, ALABAMA -- OR FAT?



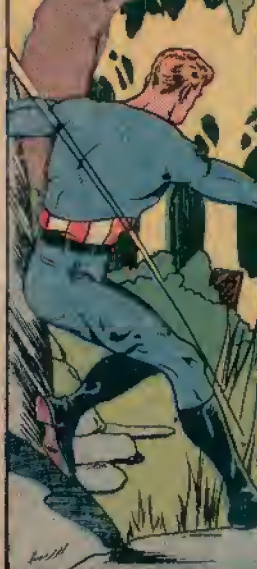


LET ME GO, I  
TELL YOU! I'LL  
JUDGE WHETHER  
I'M SAFE OR  
NOT!

YOU CERTAINLY WILL!  
'CAUSE I'M NOT STAYIN'  
TO MAKE UP MY MIND!  
GOOD DAY  
TO YOU!



HEY, WAIT! I  
WANT YOU TO  
TELL ME---



AMAZING! HE  
VANISHED--- JUST  
LIKE SMOKE! ---  
BUT HE LOOKED  
SO SOLID!

EXCITEMENT,  
RUSTY? THEN  
WE DEMAND  
OUR FAIR  
SHARE!



IT'S UNCANNY! YOU'D BETTER  
STAY OUT OF THIS! THERE WAS A  
GIANT, BUT HE  
WHISKED OUT  
OF SIGHT!

MEBBE  
HE WENT  
INTA DIS  
KNOTHOLE!



NONSENSE, PIERPONT!  
SUPPOSE YOU AND THE  
OTHERS SCOUT AHEAD  
ON THIS  
TRAIL!

YES,  
SUH!



THAT'LL KEEP THEM  
OCCUPIED AND OUT OF  
DANGER!...PIERPONT  
WAS WISER THAN HE  
KNEW --- THIS  
KNOTHOLE  
LOOKS  
SCUFFED!





HE MUST HAVE STEPPED IN THIS, TO HOIST HIMSELF UP! — HE WAS TALL ENOUGH TO REACH THAT BRANCH—



I MADE IT! LET'S SEE WHAT'S UP HERE!



A BRIDGE! HE VANISHED ALONG THIS!

Meanwhile, the Boyville Brigadiers explore the trail...



NO SIGN OF A GIANT OR ANYTHING ELSE!

LOOKIT--- GRAPES!



I'LL PICK 'EM AND---

ALLAHMODILLAH! A TRAP--BAITED WITH FRUIT!



IF THIS WAS AN AMUSEMENT PARK, WE'D HAVE TO PAY FOR THIS!

I'D WANT MY MONEY BACK!



HA! HA! LITTLE FROGS COME LOOKING FOR THE DRAGON!





JUST WHAT I FIGURED FROM THOSE PAJAMAS--- LORGO'S A HENCHMAN OF SOME SMART OPERATOR WHO'S SCARED THE LOCALS INTO GIVING HIM **EVERYTHING!**

MORE ROCKS, LARGO! THE FIRST BATCH IS HOT ENOUGH!



HEY! I DON'T WANT TO BE CROWDER!

TRUST TO ALLAH! WE CAN CLIMB UP HERE--



THROW 'EM BACK IF THEY COME UP, LORGO!

TURN AROUND AND PICK ON SOMEBODY ONE-TENTH YOUR SIZE!



HERE'S ONE WHO DOESN'T HAVE THE SENSE TO BEAT IT! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

YES, BOSS --- I'LL PUT THE MUSCLE ON HIM!



YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE, LITTLE ONE! I'M OUT OF YOUR CLASS!

THAT'S TOO BIG AN ARM TO TRY MY JUDO ON! THEREFORE--



I'LL CONCENTRATE ON JUST YOUR LITTLE FINGER!

**YEEOW!**





